marry thus my Lord my deere Lord, and most esteemed friend your brother *Troylus*.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony sweet Lord,

Pan. Go too sweet Queene, go to?

Comends himselfe most affectionatly to you.

Hel. You shall not bob vs out of our melody,

If you do our melancholy vpon your head.

Pan. Sweet Queene, sweet Queene, thats a sweet Queene I faith——————

Hel. And to make a sweet Lady sad is a sower offence.

Pan. Nay that shall not serue your turne, that shall it not in truth la? Nay I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord hee desires you that if the King call for him at super. You will make his excuse.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. What saies my sweete Queenem, y very very sweet Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where suppes he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan What saies my sweet Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You must not know where he sups.

Par. Ile lay my life with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no? no such matter you are wide, come your disposer is sicke.

Par. Well ile makes excuse?

Pan. I good my Lord, why should you say *Cressida*, no, your disposers sick. *Par.* I spie?

Pan. You spy? what doe you spie? come, giue mee an instrument, now sweete Queene:

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horribly in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

Hel. Shee shall haue it my Lord, if it bee not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no? sheele none of him, they two are tawine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pand.